

HAT IS A LARGE TOQUE MADE OF THE SAME MATERIAL AS THE BOLERO AND FINISHED WITH A TRAILING PLUME. THIS IS ONE OF THE NEWEST EARLY SPRING HATS.



A BOLERO OF RICH GOODS WITH LAPEL OF WHITE SATIN, BORDERED WITH A RUCHING OF WHITE CHIFFON, FOR EARLY SPRING WEAR.

MATERIALS FOR SUMMER DRESSES

Openwork Fabrics are to Form a Large Part of Season's Modes.

A BOX PLAID CAMBRIC.

It is Laid in Tiny Folds all Ready to be Made Into Thin Dresses—The New Trimmings That Fashionable Women Buy.

The new materials are so admirable that they tempt the purse.

Mrs. George Gould, snug in a tan tailor-made, with box plaid back, sailed down the aisles of a handsome department store on Broadway the other day and paused in front of the summer goods counter. In front of her were speedily spread out pieces of goods box plaid and goods striped and plaided. They were of all colors and in all figures, but their multiplicity did not confuse her. She selected a piece of box plaid, picked up this and that piece of goods and ordered for a dress pattern. No longer was she a woman of fashion in New York buying her gowns in three ways. Their first selections are the ready-made models that are brought in the first of the season and the newest styles and get the advantage of foreign and domestic patterns. Then come the gowns that are to be made by the ladies' tailors; these include the distinctive and characteristic dresses such as every woman likes to own. And, finally, there is the work done by the seamstress who fashions pretty dresses out of cheap goods and fits her mistress out with many pretty little modes for summer wear.

A NEW GOODS.
The new summer goods, while not cheap, have the virtue of being very easily made. There is a box plaid lawn, for example, which comes with the finest box plaid running across it like ticking. It is, unfortunately, not cheap goods, but on the other hand it needs absolutely no trimming. A waist of this material with skirt and tunic of the same is as handsome as a lawn dress can well be. A silk stock and belt both fastened in front with streaming ends complete the gown. If to it be added a curved rounce upon the underskirt, then the dress becomes fit enough for the lawn parties of a Belmont or for Victoria's own functions.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, the society woman about whom so much is written, has many lawn and light weight gowns of cambric, batiste, mail and chamois each summer. This year at least six of her dresses will be sheer goods with flowers embroidered upon the surface. The embroidery is not done by hand, but is the pretty, regular machine embroidery which reproduces the flowers in a natural manner. The style of making these dresses will be with ribbon trimmings. Narrow ribbons will stripe the waists and baby ribbons will be used to fasten upon the skirt.

They have a new way of trimming dress skirts. It is used upon light-weight wool goods or upon cotton. For summer, upon cambrics and lawns, it is very effective. The material, which is preferably a lawn dress can well be. A silk stock and belt both fastened in front with streaming ends complete the gown. If to it be added a curved rounce upon the underskirt, then the dress becomes fit enough for the lawn parties of a Belmont or for Victoria's own functions.

For very sheer goods artificial flowers are used, much in the same way as ribbon trimmings. The smallest, faintest lines of the valleys are attached to the underskirt, making a festoon around the foot. Another style is the plaid, which is accomplished by setting the flowers upon the goods in rows several inches apart.

PALE BLUE OR TAN CAN BE TRIMMED WITH WHITE OR ECRU EMBROIDERY AND WORN WITH A PLAID GINGHAM SKIRT.



A SHIRT WAIST AFTER THIS PATTERN IS SURE TO FIT WELL, WHILE ON SLEEVE DESIGN IT SHOWS THE LATEST STYLE.

terials, velvet and chiffon, loops of each getting out, smartly under the chin with ends.

PRETTY IMITATIONS.
One should speak of summer trimmings, but to decorative in themselves that few trimmings are needed, an underlay of tulle being all that is necessary.

Some of the most charming results are obtained by the use of very narrow ribbon. The cord upon the edge of the ribbon is pulled until the ribbon is nicely shirred. It is then stitched to the goods to form a design. A prettier ribbon trimmings is obtained by pulling the cord upon the edge of the ribbon and not upon the other. The shirred edge is then stitched to the goods in such a way that the ribbon stands upright. This trimming is set around the embroidered flowers, making them look very natural and pretty.

Mousseline is the sensational material of the summer. It is a cotton goods with a silk finish. Not in the least like mousseline de soie. It has all the elegance of that material, though it looks more like silk. Unfortunately it is expensive, though being of double width less is required.

Many women do not care to spend a dollar a yard upon summer goods, and for them there are little cheap imitations that answer every purpose. The chamois look much like mousseline if the same shades are selected and if the dress is made up with an equal degree of care. Let the trimmings be carefully selected and make them after the best models. Do not think that you cannot, with limited purse, accomplish results, for you will find, on short trial, that much can be done with 10 cent goods, narrow ribbon and puttees.

French knots, which have many loops and no ends, of panne velvet, can be used for draping ruffles and for belt and stock. The windmill bow with its four loops and no ends is rivalled now by the French knot and the chamois ribbon, the last being of light material, very thick and full.

The plain goods are hardly to be seen unless designed to be worn with an overdress of lace, chiffon or batiste. Figures themselves over the surfaces which are not criss-crossed with plaids.

BEATRICE.

USE OF WHISTLES.

They Have Become Invaluable to People Who Live Part or the Whole Year in the Country or the U. S. A.

Those who are looking around for some little gift for a friend who lives a part or the whole of the year in the country, cannot please him better than by selecting one of the new whistles. It is well, therefore, to bear in mind how acceptable as souvenirs are these trifles.

Indeed, whistles are for the moment the smartest little novelties that are to be seen. It is astonishing how many times a day men, and women, too, for that matter, find the occasion to use them. They call their dogs with one; sometimes their children.

"That is Mary's or Henry's whistle," is an expression heard all over the place. When returning from a drive in a runabout or single trap, the whistle is a splendid communication with the stable, and so soon as its thrilling note is heard, a groom comes running up to the house to be on the spot when he is needed. In fact, one never knows how indispensable this little signal is until, after having once possessed one, it has been lost or mislaid. To prevent such a grievous loss, the new ones have been attached to them a fine safety chain, similar to the ones worn on eyeglasses, with a pin on one end which fastens it to the coat. That is, men wear their whistles fastened to them in this way and drop them in the upper vest pockets. Women usually wear them suspended from the belt.

The newest whistles are extremely dainty and pretty. They are made of gold or gun metal. The gold ones are most attractive when perfectly plain in design. Some of them are quite unlike in shape and suggestive of tiny teardrops. Again, others are most elaborate. One that was recently seen, and which has just come from London, was of gun metal in the old-fashioned, orthodox shape. A large spider was wrought upon it and the cylinder part was encircled by its claws. In the back of the spider was a very large emerald. Many of them are seen with topazes and amethysts in the top, and they are quite enchanting. At a gay dinner party given at Lenox, hardly a fortnight ago, three of the men present took out their whistles to test the quality of their tone.

The incident was very amusing, and especially so as they gave out three distinct and different tones. One was horribly shrill and unpleasant. Their musical character should, therefore, not be lost sight of when selecting them.—Boston Globe.

GLOWING TRIBUTE TO GEN. R. E. LEE

An Unequalled Leader of an Incomparable Host.

JUDGE GARNETT'S ADDRESS.

A Caesar Without His Ambition; A Frederick Without His Tyranny; A Washington Without His Reward.

In celebration of General Lee's birthday, on January 15th last, the tenth annual banquet of Pickett-Buchanan Camp, Confederate Veterans, held at the Atlantic Hotel, in Norfolk, was an interesting occasion. Among the toasts responded to was that entitled "Lee and His Men; An Unequalled Leader of an Incomparable Host," to which Judge T. S. Garnett addressed himself. Judge Garnett's remarks were received with great enthusiasm, and he paid a lofty tribute to General Lee and the private Confederate soldier.

Judge Garnett said:
My Brothers: It is generally believed that the cruel and unusual punishment



JUDGE T. S. GARNETT.

known as "hazing," has been abolished from all respectable military schools and organizations.

I regret to feel that I am a victim to a process quite as heartless at the hands of your committee this evening, who have literally, at the eleventh hour, and at the last minute thereof, bound me hand and foot, buckled and gagged me, placed upon me the well-remembered barrel-skirt and paraded me before the Camp under the disguise of a speaker, duly labelled and set up in type as responding to a toast.

I never witnessed even the ordinary cult undergoing his well-merited punishment in winter-quarters, doing double duty of toting wood, without a feeling of sympathy, nor did I ever see a desert or shot to death in the presence of the brigade without a pang of regret.

May I then beg of you a little tenderness of heart as I tell you that I had rather be shot as a deserter than afflict you with my crude, hasty and undigested thoughts upon the life and materials of a man who has been summoned. Because, of all the subjects which can engage our minds this day, the greatest and best must be the "Life, Character and Memory of General Lee."

As to his life and character it would be scarcely less presumptuous for me to speak to you, his faithful followers and friends, than if I undertook to narrate your several family histories or tell you your own fathers' virtues. The prominent and ever-rememberable facts of General Lee's life are stamped indelibly upon your minds, and his military glories are so fixed in the memories of every veteran, that when the last trumpet shall have been sounded, and the forgotten dead who sank to death at his commanding, shall have all been quickened, in the twinkling of an eye, they will arise from beneath the shade of Jackson's beloved trees, on the far side of the cold river, and make their old places in the solid ranks where steel once glistened, ready to move at "early dawn" to meet the judgment then to be passed upon him who had so often ridden old "Traveler" through their midst.

I dare not, therefore, repeat the story of his fame to you who shared it in some part on every field of glory or in the tented camp, or on the long march or in the cheerless bivouac.

PRECIOUS AS EARTH CAN GIVE.
Rather let me speak of him as I remember him—a memory as precious as earth can give—and let I pitch my key too high, let me go back to my boyhood's happy days, when at school near Arlington, I used to see Lieutenant Colonel Robert Lee, ride over on his chestnut sorrel from Arlington to Seminary Hill, near Alexandria, alone, quietly dismount, tie his horse to the fence and enter the little chapel, taking his seat near by me, as Sunday after Sunday was his custom, whenever he happened to be at home on furlough. At that time he was Lieutenant Colonel of the Second Cavalry, and a little later he became Colonel of the First, as the following letter shows:

Arlington, Washington, City, P. O., April 20, 1861.

"Honorable Simon Cameron, Secretary of War."

"Sir: I have the honor to tender resignation of my commission as Colonel of the First Regiment of Cavalry."

"Very respectfully,
"Your obedient servant,
"R. E. LEE,
"Colonel First Cavalry."

The very next morning, just at day-break, as I was checking my trunk, coming South, at Alexandria, I brushed up against a military-looking man, with a dark moustache, but otherwise clean-shaven face, getting his trunk checked at the door of the same baggage car. This was Colonel Lee, and had I known at that moment that he had just come from the presence of General Scott, who had prevailed upon President Lincoln to tender to Colonel Lee the command of the Active Army of the United States and that he

During the past week we had nine applications from Richmond firms for our graduates, only four of which places we could fill, every competent student being Employed. Names to verify this statement will be furnished prospective patrons. We secure graduates satisfactory situations or refund in cash the money paid for tuition. Why not look into this matter?

MASSEY BUSINESS COLLEGE, Mayo Building,
Corner Main and Seventh Streets, Richmond, Va.

THE GREATEST OF MEN.

With occasional glimpses of him on the march as we entered upon the fall campaign of 1863, I was learning to look upon him as no longer a curiosity. I knew nothing of him personally up to that time.

But in the winter of 1864 I was sent to him frequently and as the ad-de-camp of General Stuart was admitted to the command of the Confederate army. He would speak to me briefly, but with a cordial and gentle deep tone, and would ask after Stuart with good will and kindly interest.

I can recall the deep impression these interviews made upon me. No emperor on his throne, nor prince nor potentate on earth could inspire me with the sense of superiority which I felt General Lee possessed over all mankind. The atmosphere about him was that of the high mountains, rare and invigorating, and the mental vision was treated to a sense of the sublime.

I saw him often as we entered the Wilderness. I saw him rally the troops of Lee's Division at the evening near Parker's store. I heard him say to some rushing out from "the firing line," as it is now called, "Steady men, go back! We need all good men at the front now, and Colonel Venkatraman, remember, him for being so close under fire, but 'Mars Robert' wouldn't leave until the line was restored."

This was not the incident which occurred (next morning) at the spot, when the Texans called, "Yat go dase General Lee to the rear," as they plunged into the masses of the enemy and hurled them back at the point of the bayonet. But I saw him again that day, just a few minutes after Longstreet had been wounded, May 6th.

I had come across the Wilderness from Stuart. I dismounted and delivered a verbal message to General Lee. He motioned me to follow him, and retiring on foot to an old dead tree, he sat down on the ground, and, holding his field map, ordered me to show him where Stuart was fighting. I pointed out the spot on the map, away off to our right flank, and said: "General Stuart has struck a heavy line of battle, held by infantry and artillery, and cannot break through them."

And here for the first time I experienced what I afterwards learned was almost a habit with General Lee—to think aloud. He murmured to himself as he addressed me: "Well, Captain, what shall we do?" To which inquiry I am pleased to say I had sense enough to make no reply, and, indeed, to appear as if I had not heard it.

THE MAN WHO KNEW AND DID.
The same question escaped his lips as if in soliloquy, when I came to him and told him that the Battle of Five Forks had gone against General Pickett, and as I heard his deep bass voice asking, "Well, Captain, what shall we do?" I felt that nothing short of Almighty Wisdom could provide a way out of that calamity. But it meant nothing. He knew what to do, and he did all that man could do to rectify the blunders that some of his people were constantly committing.

Again I saw him the evening of the Battle of Sailor's Creek. It was a few minutes before he learned of the great disaster that had befallen Custis Lee's Division and General Ewell's troops. We (that is to say General Roberts' Cavalry Brigade) had just crossed the creek and were watching the gallant fight of Walker's Stonewall Brigade, against the surging host of Yankees on the opposite bank. General Lee came up to our line, entirely alone, and dismounted near a cabin, holding "Traveler" by the bridle, and using his field glasses with the other hand. He was looking across the country at a large collection of wild objects, which appeared like a flock of sheep, and as I stood beside him he said: "Are those sheep or not?" "No, General; they are Yankee wagons." He looked through his glasses and then said slowly: "You are right; but what are they doing there?" It was an unexpected appearance, and indicated a closer pursuit than he had anticipated, and soon he rode away to the High Bridge. He left his son behind him, captured, Custis Lee's Division annihilated and Ewell's troops eliminated from further action.

LEE AT APPOMATTOX.
I saw him last at Appomattox, but not after the surrender. It was just before he moved out against Sheridan and Ord's troops and his manner was in no wise different from what it had always been. You, who witnessed his majestic bearing when all was over, can tell your children and all the generations to come, that "Human fortune has equalled human calamity."

A few weeks after Appomattox, I was seated in his parlor on Franklin street, Richmond, talking with his daughter, when the General entered the room. Never can I forget his gentle manner as he extended his hand, and put me at my ease with a few cordial words of welcome, which he so well knew how to speak to a young and embarrassed visitor. This was my last view of him. I saw

FAITH PERFECT IN LOVE.

Many years have passed since his death, October 12th, 1870, but the men who were with Lee have not forgotten. You who were with him cannot forget. Shall I praise you for that? Faith in him has become perfect in love. The works that you have wrought in his name, they shall testify of you to the end of time. The natural state of man is war, but how different seem the wars of this generation from our war.

The men of Lee, though few and feeble, and fading like the last leaf, into the grave, can smile at the toy soldiers of the day, as they see the fighters, with the new-fangled cat-riders, smokeless powder and dum-dum bullets, cut down ten officers and 500 men out of several thousand engaged and call it "the bloodiest battle in the history of the world."

The beautiful long-range, amphibious navy-breech-loader, with a time lock attachment and telephonic range finder, warrants equal to pneumatic whistles, new-dip brassy to kill at ten miles, has proven about as effective as one of our little mountain Howitzers, which, on the back of a mule, at the Gauley River fight, would shoot to the foot of a steep hill and carry the men with it. But, gentlemen, we are modest. Of course, my brothers, you perceive that I am jesting. I would not detract one particle from the glory. If that is the right name for it, won by Roosevelt's Rough Riders at San Juan, or of Fred. Funston's Volunteers, the P. P. V.'s at Matollos, but I still insist that we did more execution with our old-fashioned arms at short range and in shorter time, with smaller numbers, than the massed and the Kraz-forgensens can ever do. The only thing in modern warfare worth mentioning is the adoption of the old Confederate slouch hat, which, as a means of grace, has served to keep off the weather and keep up the spirit of the United States Volunteers. But I am wandering from my toast.

HONOR TO THE HERO.

Here's to the men who "in tattered uniform, but with bright muskets," sustained their cause against the whole world.

Here's to our "Caesar, without his ambition, our Frederick, without his tyranny, our Napoleon, without his selfishness, our Washington, without his reward!"

Other heroes, having won great fame, saved it by some selfish folly or unworthy act. Marlborough was a great fight-taker, so was Grant. Sherman fought for plunder, and malicious, fiendish revenge—so did Hannibal.

Yea, even now it seems good unto the modern warriors, by land and sea, to tarnish their laurels by suits for prize-money, great gifts of lands and dwelling houses, silver, gold and precious stones, as if a part of their contract for service in battle was a payment down in hard cash or a furnished mansion in the fashionable quarter of some great city. So much victory for so much pretreated stock.

I forbear to name the long list of those who have accepted such rewards of their valor, but I point you to some of our companions-in-arms who held their glory above rubles and their reputation over much fine gold.

Matur, the illustrious path-finder of the seas, preferred the quiet shades of chaste Lexington to the dazzling palaces of the Czar of all the Russias. He chose poverty among his own people to vast riches among strangers.

President Davis declined gift after gift, proffered in sincere sympathy for his misfortunes. Lands, houses, salaries from big corporations, all were tendered him and refused.

And when the other day the noble old homesteads, first of Wade Hampton and then of John B. Gordon, were committed to the devouring flames, and all the priceless relics of their glorious past were turned into ashes, their loving comrades, out of pure brotherly feeling, urged each of them to let the veterans of this Lost Cause restore their homes, they steadily, firmly and affectionately declined the generous offer.

And what of our great commander? Money in vast sums was offered him if he would fall down and worship at its shrine.

An immense salary was offered him if he would but let the three letters of his name be used by a huge corporation for purposes of gain. Propositions of honor and vast profit were his at a word. But he turned to the quiet chair of Washington College, and there, as its president, ended a life of purity, dignity and unclouded honor.

LIKE LEADER—LIKE MEN.
Like leader—like men!
Unselfish—always brave, cheerful under all adversities, the men we knew beside us in war were worthy of the tribute paid them by a Northern historian in an address before the Historical Society of Massachusetts. Brave Brig. General Charles A. Whittier, United States Volunteers, spoke as follows:

The Army of Northern Virginia, which has existed on this continent, suffering privations unknown to its opponents, is fought well from the early Peninsula days to the surrender of that small remnant at Appomattox. It seemed always ready, active, mobile; without doubt it was composed of the best men of the South rushing to what they considered the defence of their country against a bitter invader, and they took the places as a sacred trust, officer and private, and fought until beaten by superiority of numbers. The North sent no such army to the field."

When time with relentless hand and unerring blade shall have cut down the last of the Men of Lee, the revolving years shall continue to bring around this auspicious birthday. God grant that our children, to the latest generation, may gather fresh hope for Liberty from the contemplation of his virtues, his great deeds, and his illustrious character.

MANY OF THE NEW WASH GOODS ARE MODELED AFTER THE PRINCESS STYLE: A PRINCESS OVERDRESS IS CUT WITH FANCY VEST AND PANEL FRONT, GIVING AN OPPORTUNITY FOR TWO MATERIALS.

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